

PLEASANT
Quippes for Vpstart
Nevvfangled Gentle-
vvomen.

Wiclore

Stephan

Peterson



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THAZAI

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A Glasse, to viewve the pride of baine-glorious Women.

APLESA NT IN VECTIVE AGAINST
the *Fantastical Forreigne Toyes*, dayly vsed in
Womens apparel.

THese fashions fonde of countrey strange,
which English heads so much delight
Through towne and countrey which do range,
and are imbrac'd of euery wight.
So much I wonder still to see,
That nought so much amazeth me.

If they by Painters cunning skill,
were prickt on walles, to make them gaye:
If glasse in windowes they did fill,
or trimd vp-puppets, childrens play,
I would repute them Antickes olde,
They should for me, go vncontrolde

If they on stage, in stately sort
might set, to please the Idles eie:
If Maie-game matets for summer sport,
by them in daunce, disguise might be,
They would not then deserue such blame,
Nor worke the wearers half the shame.

But when as men, of lore and wit
and guiders of the weaker kinde:
Doe iudge them for their mate so fit,
that nothing more, can please their mind.
I know not what to say to this,
But sure I know, it is amisse.

And when sage Parents breeds in childe,
the greedy lust of hellish toyes,
Whereby in manners, they growe wilde,
and lose the blisse of lasting ioyes.

I pittie much to see the case
That we thus faile of better grace.

And when proud princoks, Rascals bratte,
in fashions will be Princes mate:
And euerye Gyll that keeps a catte,
in rayment will be like a state.
If any cause be to complaine,
In such excesse who can refraine.

And when yoong wiskers fit for worke,
in no good sort will spend the day:
But be prophane, more then a Turke,
intending nought but to bee gay.
If we were bent to praise 'our time,
Of force wee must condemne this crime.

And when graue Matrones honest thought,
with light heeles trash will credite cracke:
And following after fashions nought,
of name and fame, will make a wracke.
Might loue, and lip, a fault conceale,
yet act and fact, would filth reueale.

And when olde Beldames, withered haggess,
whome hungrie Dogges cannot require:
Will whinnie still, like wanton nagges,
And sadled be with such attire.
A patient heart cannot but rage,
To see the shame of this our age.

A Glasse of vni glorious Women,

These Holland smockes so white as snowe,
and gorgets braue with drawn-work wrought:
A tempting ware they are you know,
wherewith(as nets)vaine youths are caught,
But manie times they rew the match,
when poxe & pyles by whores they catch.

These flaming heads with staring haire,
these Wyers turnde,like hornes of Ram:
These painted faces, which they weare,
can any tell from whence they cam.
(*Don Sathan,*) Lord of fayned lyes,
All these new fangeles did deuise.

These glittering cawles,of golden plate,
wherewith their heads are richlie deckt:
Makes them to seeme an Angels mate,
in iudgement of the simple sect.
To Peacockes I compare them right,
That glorieth in their feathers bright.

These Perriwigges ruffes, armed with pinnes,
these spangles , chaines, and laces all:
These naked paps, the Deuils ginnes,
to worke vaine gazers painfull thrall.
He Fowler is,they are his nets,
Wherewith of fooles great store he gets,

This starch, and these rebating props,
as though ruffes were some rotten house:
All this new pelfe, now sold in shops,
in value true, not worth a Louse.
They are his dogs, he hunter sharp,
By them a thousand he doth warpe,

A Glasse of vni glorious Women.

This cloth of price, all cut in ragges,
these monstrous bones that compasse armes:

These buttons, pinches, fringes, iagges,
with them he weaueth wofull harmes,
He fisher is, they are his baytes,
Wherewith to hel, he draweth huge heaps.

Weare masks for vailles to hide and holde,
as Christians did, and Turkes do vse
To hide the face, from wantons bolde,
small cause then were, at them to muse,
But barring onely wind and Sun,
Of verie pride they were begun.

But on each wight, now are they seene,
the tallow-pale the browning-bay,
The swarthy-blacke, the grassie-greene,
the pudding-red, the dapple-graie,
So might we iudge them toyes aright,
to keepe sweet beautie still in plight.

What els do maskes, but maskers show,
and Maskers can both daunce and play:
Our masking Dames can sport you knowe,
Sometime by night, sometime by day,
Can you hit it, is oft their daunce,
Deuse-ace fals stil to be their chance.

Were fannes, and flappes of feathers fond,
to flit away the flisking flies:
A taile of Mare that hangs on ground,
when heat of summer doth arise.
The wit of women we might praise,
For finding out, so great an ease,

A Glasse of vni glorious Women,

But seeing they are stil in hand,
in houte, in field, in Church, in street:
In summer, winter, water, land,
in colde, in heate, in drie, in weete.
I iudge they are for wiues such tooles,
As bables are in playes for fooles.

The baudie Buske, that keepes downe flat,
the bed wherein the babe should breed:
What doth it els but point at that,
which faine would haue somewhat to feede.
Where bellie want might shaddow vale,
The Buske sets bellie all to sale.

Were buskes to them, as stakes to gappes,
to barre the beastes from breaking in,
Or were they shields to beare off flaps,
when freind or foe would fray begin.
Who would the buskers forte assaile,
Against their sconce, who could preuaile,

But seeing such, as whome they arme,
of all the rest do soonest yeeld:
And that by shot, they take most harme,
when lustie gamesters, come in field.
I guesse, Buskes are but signes to tell,
Where Launderers for the campe do dwel.

These priuie coates, by art made strong,
with bones, with past, and such like ware:
Whereby their backe and sides grow long,
and now they haruest, gallants are.
Were they for vse against the foe,
Our Dames for *Amazones* might goe.

A Glasse of vainglorious Women.

But seeing they doe only stay
the course that nature doth intend;
And mothers often by them slay
their daughters yoong, and worke their end.
What are they els but armours stout:
Wherein like Gyants, *Ionethy* flout.

These hoopes that hippes and haunch do hide,
and heaue aloft the gay hoyft-traine:
As they are now in vse for pride,
so did they first beginne of paine.
When whoore in stewes had gotten poxe,
This Fench deuise, kept coats fom smocks.

I not gainsay, but bastards sprout,
might Arles greate at first begin:
And that when paunch of whoore grew out,
These hoopes did helpe to hide their finne.
And therefore tub-tailes all may rue,
That they came from so vile a crue.

If barreld bummes were full of Ale,
they might wel serue Tom Tapsters turnes
But yeelding nought but filth and stale,
no losse it were if they did burne.
Their liquors doth so smell and stinke,
That no man can it vse for drinke.

These Apornes white of finest thrid,
so choicelic tide, so dearelie bought:
So finely fring, so nicelic spred
so quaintlie cut, so richlie wrought.
Were they in worke to saue their cores,
They need not cost so many grotes,

when

A Glasse of vainglorious Women

When shooters aime at buttes and prickes,
they set vp whites to shew the pinne:
It may be, Apornes are like tricks,
to teach where rousers game may winne,
Braue archers soone will find the marke,
But bunglers hit it in the darke.

These worsted stockes of brauest die,
and silken garters fring'd with gold:
These corked shooes to beare them hie,
makes them to trip it on the molde.
They mince it then with pace so strange
Like vntam'd heifers, when they range.

To carrie all this pelfe and trash,
be cause their bodies are vnfit,
Our wantons now in coaches dash,
from house to house, from street to street,
Were they of state, or were they lame,
To ride in coach they need not shame.

But being base, and sound in health,
they teach for what they coaches make:
Some thinks perhaps to shew their wealth,
nay, nay, in them they penance take.
As poorer truls, must ride in cartes,
So coaches are for prouder hearts.

You fillie men, of simple sence,
what ioy haue you, old-Cookes to be:
Your owne deare flesh, thus to dispence,
to please the glance of lusting eie,
That you should couth your meat in dish,
And others feele, it is no fish.

A Glasse of vainglorious Women

Of verie loue you them array,
in siluer, golde, and reuels braue:
For silke and veluet still you pay,
so they be trimme, no cost you saue.
But think you such as joy in these,
Will couet none, but you to please.

When they for gawdes, and toyes do wrangle,
pretending state and neighbours guile,
Then are they bent, to trap and tangle,
Vnskilfull braines, and heads vnwise.
I neuer yet saw, bayted hooke,
But fisher then for game did looke.

They say they are of gentle race,
and therefore must be finely deckt,
It were for them a great disgrace,
to be as are the simple sect.
Fine Gentles must be finely clad,
All them beseemes, that may be had.

They gentle are both borne and bred,
they gentle are in sport and game:
They gentle are at boord and bed,
they gentle are in wealth and name.
Such gentles nice, must needs be trimme,
From head to foot in euerie limme.

But husbands you, marke well my lawes,
when they pretend their gentle blood.
Then they intend to make you dawes,
in vaine to spend your wealth and good.
You better were the clowne to cloath,
Then Gentles which doe vertue loath.

True Gentles should be lightes and guides,
in modest path to simple ranke
But these that straye so farre aside,
themselues that thus vnseemlie pranke.
They are but puppets richlie dight,
True Gentrie they haue put to flight.

You daintie Minions, tel me sooth,
dissemble not, but vtter plaine:
Is not this thus of verie troth,
thinke you I, flaunder, lie or faine:
When you haue all your trinkets fit,
Can you alone in chamber sit.

You are not then to carde and spinne,
to brue or bake I dare well say:
No thriftie worke you can beginne,
you haue nought els to doe but play.
To play alone were for a sor,
It's knowne, you minions, vse it not.

You thinke (perhaps) to win great fame,
by vncouth futes, and fashions wilde
All such as know you, thinke the same,
but in ech kind, you are beguilde.
For when you looke, for praises sound,
Then are you so: light fisgiggs crownde.

The better sort, that modest are,
whome garish pompe doth not infect:
Of them Dame honour, hath a care,
with glorious fame, that they be deckt:
Their praises, will for aie remaine,
When bodies rot, shall vertue gaine.

A Glasse of vainglorious women.

Thou Poet rude if thou be scorn'd,
disdaine it not, for Preachers graue
Are still dispisd, by faces hornde,
when they for better manners craue.
That hap which fals, on men diuine,
If thou it feele, doe not repine.

I know some think, my tearmes are grosse,
too plaine thou art some others deeme:
Be not agast, thy foes are drosse,
full well doth rudnesse them beseme.
Who thee mislike, are but a messe,
And here their kinds I will expresse.

First, a simple swaine, that nothing knowes,
next, curtaile-flurt, as ranke as beast:
Then peacocke proud, that statelie goes,
last, roisting knaues, of vertue least.
None els but these will thee disdaine,
Contemne them all as causes vaine.

Good men of skill, doe know it well,
that these our dayes require such speech:
Who oft are moued with threats of hell,
whome Preachers still in vaine beseech.
Is any knife too sharpe for such,
Or any word for them too much.

Let fearfull Poets, pardon craue,
that seeke for praise, at euerie lips:
Doe thou not fauor, nor yet raue,
the golden meane is free from trips.
This lesson old was taught in schooles,
It's praise to be dispraisde of fooles.

FINIS.